TEMPLE-OAGG:

K. Thurleofne. 1877

OR,

The *Spaw-Well.*

A NEW

POEM,

In Three Canto's.

Fies Nobilium tu quoque Fontium. Hor.

DUBLIN:
Printed by E. *Waters* in *Essex Street*, at the Corner of *Sycamore Alley*. 1723.

TEMPLE-OAGE:

OR,

The Spur-Well.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

POEM,

In Three Cantos.

Per Nobilium in plus re Familiam. Hor.

DUBLIN:

Printed by E. Waters in Fleet Street, at the Corner of Sycamore Alley. 1733.

To the Hon^ble

Sir *Compton Domville*, Bar^t.

SIR,

THE ardent Zeal You are inſpir'd with for the general Good of your Country, diſplays it ſelf in all your Actions; but particularly in your late Improvement of the Medicinal SPAW flowing on your Eſtate; nobly deſign'd as well for the Benefit as the Recreation of all who are diſpos'd to partake of either; and the Succeſs it has already ſo deſervedly acquir'd, by the frequent reſort thither of the Gentlemen and Ladies of the Town; at once manifeſts their approbation of ſo uſeful an Undertaking, and their Acknowledgment of your Generous Nature.

That great and Sublime Actions ſhou'd proceed from Exalted Souls is no way Admirable; and that you are one of this Number, will Sufficiently appear by the Undoubted Character attendant on your Merits: which

The Dedication.

which the World so justly attributes to you, Viz. *That the inhærent* Vertues *of* Mankind, *and the finish'd Parts of a fine* Gentleman, *are all sum'd up in the* Person *of* Sir Compton Domville.

This Sir *is so far from* Panegyrick; *that out of a deference to your* Modesty, I *have no farther presum'd on your* Character; *than what is common in every* Bodys Mouth; *which (tho' a* Stranger) Excited *me to declare my respect to your* Worth *and* Honour, *by laying this small* Poem *at your* Feet; *which as it treats of the* Spaw, *humbly* Flys *to you for* Protection, *proud of so great a* Patron. *That your Designs may always answer your best* Wishes, *is the hearty desire of,*

SIR;

Your Most Devoted,

Humble Servant,

C. C.

Temple-Oagg, &c.

First Canto.

LET BARDS invoke the sacred *Nine* t'inspire
Their sickly LAYS with quick *Poetick* Fire;
Whilst I alone in kindly flowing VERSE
Th' Attractive *Charms* of BEAUTY do rehearse;
Warm'd with th' enliv'ning *Glory* of the FAIR,
No *Muses* but themselves do I revere:
The common Track of WRITERS I despise,
When influenc'd by the LADIES brilliant Eyes.

THE chaste Diversion of the FAIR I sing,
With the Delights their softer HOURS bring:
The Place where they their daily SPORTS renew
And these dear Youths who still their Loves pursue.

Ye shining BEAUTIES now your *Charms* in-
T' inspire at once your *Poet* and his *Muse*; (fuse

SINCE

Since the fictitious *Nine* he here disclaims,
Your kind Protection, to reward him, claims.

NEAR *Temple-Oagg* the springing Waters rise
From forth the EARTH's internal Cavities;
Which kindly flow, from whence the People draw
The WATER, naming IT, the healthful SPAW;
Whose VIRTUE has Medicinal been prov'd,
By which the FEEBLE have their Ills remov'd.

AT th' End of which a decent FABRICK stands
Which gives a Prospect of the Neighbouring Lands,
Built in the midst of a delightful GREEN,
Where nought but NATURE all around is seen:
On ev'ry side the flow'ry MEADS appear
Cloath'd in the different *Colours* of the YEAR;
Where warbling Birds chant forth melodious Strains
To charm the NYMPHS and elevate the SWAINS.

NEAR which a purling STREAM o'er *Pebbles* (Glides
Unswell'd by *Winds*, nor drain'd by ebbing Tides.
Whose gentle Murmurs PASSENGERS admire,
Join'd with the *Musick* of the Feather'd CHOIR
Excel the Harmony of fam'd ORION's Lyre.

THITHER each Morn the LADIES do repair,
To drink the WATERS and to take the AIR;

Whilst

Whilſt Crowds of Youths with eager Joy attend
And in gay Pleaſure all thoſe Minutes ſpend,
Which happily the Lover's hopes befriend.

WHEN o'er their *Tea* at Home the LADIES ſit,
Still reliſhing each *Diſh* with ſprightly WIT;
Amongſt the reſt of their offenceleſs CHATT,
They talk indifferent of THIS and THAT,
What LADY at the SPAW was neateſt dreſt,
Who mov'd moſt *Courtly* or who danc'd the *beſt*?
What YOUTH the moſt engaging did appear,
Who talk'd to whom with the moſt winning LEER?
Till by degrees ſome pritty *Conteſts* riſe,
Who gain'd that *Morn* moſt *Conqueſts* with her EYES.

THE warm *Debate* with Vigour they maintain,
At length they ſtrive to end it but in vain;
Each ſtill aſſerts HER own *Prerogative*,
Nor will SHE to the reſt the *Pref'rence* give,
'Till CHLOE whom this *Conteſt* has delay'd,
Tells them, at laſt, the great Deciſion's made,
For in this *Point* they never will agree,
'Till they once more conſent the WELL to ſee,
Where they with Pleaſure every one may prove,
Which of them gain'd moſt PROSELITES to LOVE:
The grateful Motion they alike commend,
And all next Morning for the SPAW intend.

Second

Second Canto.

NO sooner PHOSPHER with his guilded Light
Expels the gloomy *Mantles* of the NIGHT;
But PHOEBUS cloath'd with an enliv'ning Ray,
Refreshes NATURE with a new-born DAY.
SLEEP (the dark Emblem of the Grave) retires,
And leaves our Senses free to new *Desires*;
Our dusky Eyes the welcome Light receive,
And we are glad to find that still we live.

THE LADIES now awak'd from empty Joys,
Which by delusive DREAMS the FANCY cloys,
And finding their Imaginary BLISS,
Now vanish'd with their painted HAPPINESS,
From their REPOSE and downy BEDS arise,
And Arm with basking LOVES their killing EYES.
O'er their fine LIMBS a *Morning-Vestment* wear,
And dress with a genteel, but careless AIR:

Which with a charming SHAPE and lovely MEIN,
Each ſeems an ANGEL or a *Paphian* QUEEN.

WHEN ready to depart they then provide
A COACH or CARR or ſome a BEAST to ride;
Each chuſes as her *Inclinations* tend,
So various MEN purſue a different End.

HOW e'er they go, the Beaſts are proud to bear
So rich a *Burthen* as the HEAV'NLY FAIR:
And with a lively, ſwift, unuſual Pace, (Race.
They quickly reach the WELL, the Limit of their

THE longing Youths with glowing Ardor fir'd,
Now view the Objects which their Souls deſir'd,
Each to his MISTRESS goes, conducts her in,
And joys to think his *Pleaſures* then begin:
Her Preſence does all other *Doubts* remove,
And She anew inflames his Soul with LOVE.

NOW the *Muſicians*, who attend each DAY,
At their Approach a cheerful *Welcome* Play;
The grateful *Sound* with all it's pleaſing *Charms*,
With moving *Sympathy* the *Soul* alarms,
Attracts the *Senſes* and new *Joy* imparts,
With lulling *Pleaſure* to reluctant *Hearts*;
'Till by extenſive Pow'r it warms the *Soul*,
And thro' each Part the *Magick Numbers* roll.

SO

SO cou'd TIMOTHEUS with the cheerful *Sound*
Of Sprightly *Strings* make *Hearts* with *Joy* rebound;
His trembling Notes alternate *Paſſions* mov'd,
And none that heard him but his ART approv'd;
Whilſt every *Touch* he gave his tuneful *Lyre*,
Set the great *Ma.ed man's Soul* on fire.
He burn'd with GLORY now, then rag'd with *Love*,
Till *Sound* ſubdued the Son of mighty *JOVE*.

THE YOUTHS now charm'd with ev'ry furtive (*Glance*
Reſolve to pleaſe the *Ladies* with a *Dance*,
Ambitious ſtill to ſhew their Manly Parts,
To *Captivate* the *Ladies* tender *Hearts*.

BEVIL and *Sophy* now to *Dance* prepare,
A Courtly *Minuet* to the neweſt *Air*;
But whilſt ſhe moves the *Figure* o'er and o'er,
And with her *Artful Step* ſcarce treads the *Floor*,
Her nice-turn'd *Shape*, bright *Eyes* and beauteous
Inchant each lovely *Youth* thro'out the *place*. (*Face*
Whilſt he, with modiſh *Air* and *Steps*, invades
The *Eyes* and *Hearts of* all the *blooming* MAIDS:
Ended the *Dance*, he leads her to her *Seat*,
Proud in his *Love* and *Happy* in his *Fate*.
The reſt in Order do alike advance,
Renewing ſtill their *Paſtimes* with a *DANCE*.

Third

Third Canto.

THE *Morning* now thus far in *Pleaſure* ſpent,
Which Miniſtred to every one CONTENT;
In Order to protract the *Ladies* Stay,
As a *Repaſt*, they all ſit down to *TEA*,
An uſual *Breakfaſt* to refreſh the *FAIR*,
By making all their *Spirits De bon Air*.

EACH *Youth* was oppoſite his *Miſtreſs* plac'd,
And all with ſweet *diſcourſe* the *BANQUET* grac'd
*W*hilſt every *Youth* with *Emulation* vies,
To ſeem moſt lovely in the *Ladies Eyes*:
And ſtill to make their *Happineſs* compleat,
The Pow'r of *Muſick* does new *Bliſs* create.

THE *Ladies* view with *Pride* their Conqueſts (o'er
*W*hich they diſputed for the Day before,

And

And now with *Joy* thoſe fatal *Charms* put on,
By which ſo many *Lovers* are undone;
Each ſtill with *Envy* ſtriving to obtain,
The moſt fond *Youths* to wear her pleaſing *Chain*.

THE fleeting *Hours* ſummon them to riſe,
T' enjoy once more their former *Exerciſe*:
The grateful *Harmony* attacks their *Ears*,
And each to join the *Counrry-Dance* prepares.
*W*here with an Active *Gracefulneſs* they move,
In ſprightly *Meaſures* as they do in *Love*.

AIMWEL takes *Celia*, *Wildair Julia* too,
Bevil and *Sophy*, *Plume* and *Nyphe* true,
Worthy, *Belinda*, *Standard Chloe* join'd,
Their *Dance* was, *LOVE for ever unconfin'd*.

THUS all with lively *Mirth* their *Sport* renew,
And every *Dance* with Vigour they purſue;
Till the *Meridian* SUN at *Noon* of Day,
Begins his ſultry, ſcorching *Beams* to play:
The *Ladies* almoſt breathleſs ſcarce reſpir'd,
The *Dance* had warm'd them and their *Limbs* were tir'd;
After a ſhort Reſpite the ſhining *FAIR*
All take their Leaves and *homeward* do repair.

The

THE *Youths* conduct them ſafely on their *WAY*,
Paſſing the *Moments* cheerfully away;
Unwillingly at length they all draw nigh
The envious *TOWN*, which parts the *Company*;
With dire *Regret* the YOUTHS do now receive
Their laſt *Farewell*, and humbly take their *Leave*.
Then all conſenting, every one departs, (*Hearts*.
Fluſh'd with ſucceeding HOPES and fond expecting

FINIS.

FINIS